

# MIND MGMT

**matt kindt**

## KNIFE SKILLS

16 New Ways  
to Slice, Dice,  
Chop, and  
Butcher

## SCRAPBOOKING

Preserve the  
Memories You  
Want Most

## VACATION

From Reality





I don't remember much.  
White spots I call them.  
Gaps in my memory.

I remember my  
family...my brother  
mostly.



I'm sorry!



I just remember bits.

Bits and pieces.

She trusted her pilot. In deep space you worked with a five-person crew. Two pilots, two technicians, and two engineers.



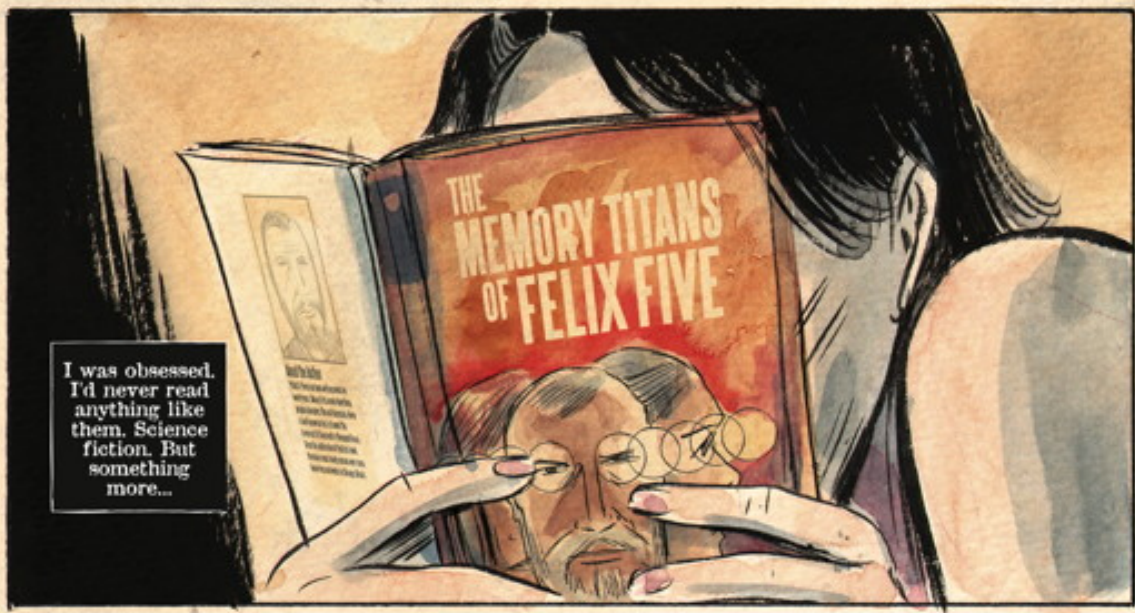
I escaped into books. The more fantastic the better.

The Futaria's need available data to predict possible future. The Mesotore need up-to-the-second data along with Futaria's predictions to dictate the actual movement of the ship.



I have vague memories of college... Boarding school? I'm not sure.

But I do remember the books.



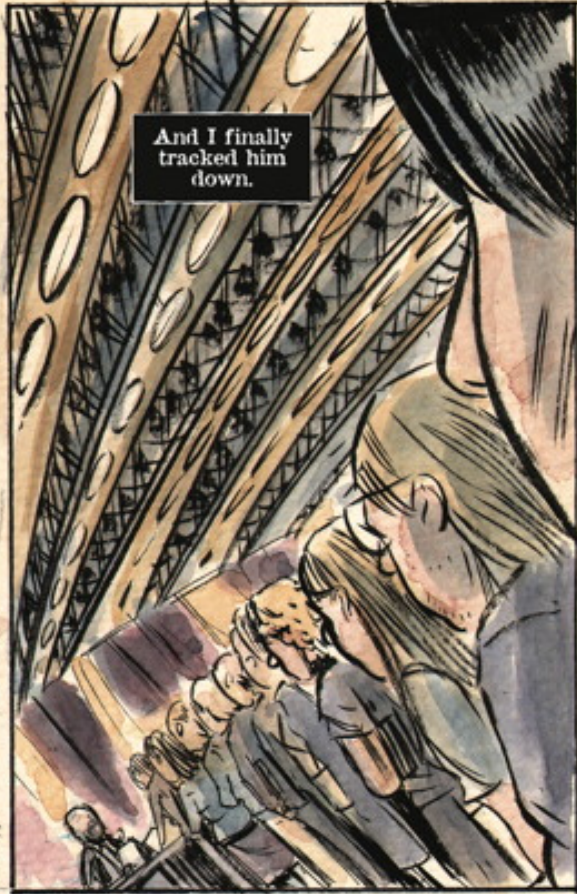
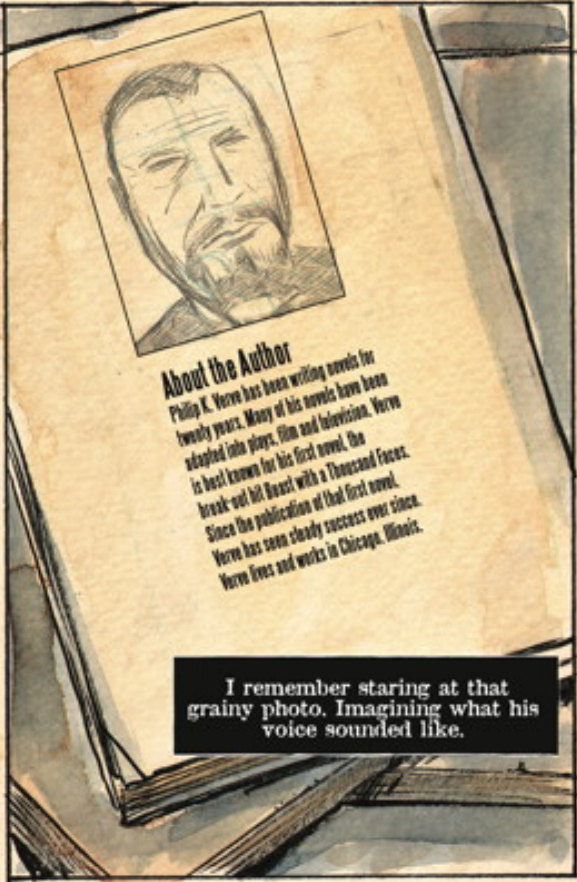
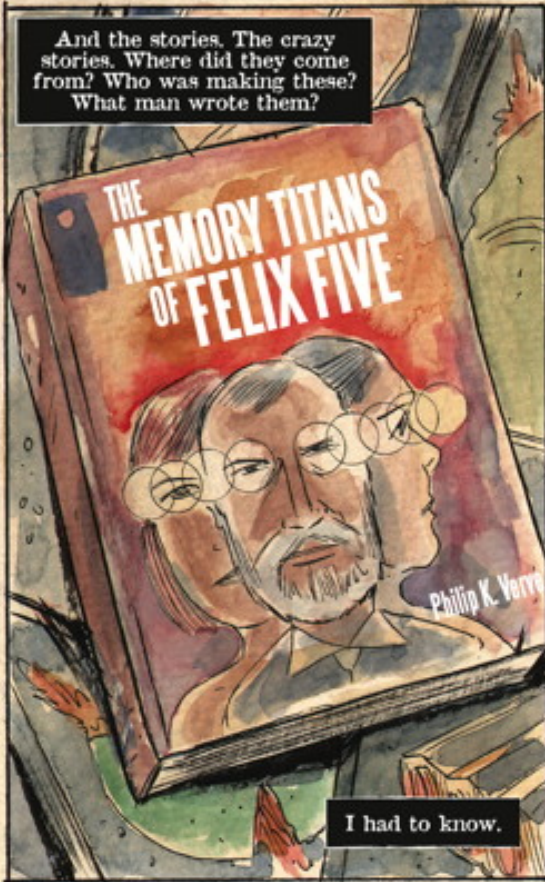
I was obsessed. I'd never read anything like them. Science fiction. But something more...



I can still smell that musty paper. Paperbacks from the used bookstore down the street.

I don't remember the street, but I remember the smell.

and the pilots were linked to all of them. They would take the real-time orders via mind-link from the sensors and put everything into action.





Space battle could last anywhere from years to seconds. The infamous battle for Proxima is inited approximately ten seconds.

He had been writing for years already. He' amassed a fortune. Movies based on his books. Books as sequels to movies. I had everything I wanted in him.

And he kept writing. He told me his secret one day. Where all of his ideas came from.

When he was fifteen he'd stumbled across this series of obscure science-fiction novels from the 1920s. He'd read them all within a week. He just devoured them.

And then he did something strange. He burned those books. Turns out, those books were among the few copies left in print. Priceless. Impossible to find.

And then...he never thought about those books again. Until he turned forty years old.

And when he turned forty he tried to rewrite those books he'd read once nearly twenty years before. He tried to write them word-for-word, as best as he could remember.

But time and age had muddled the stories and the concepts. And so what came out...

What he ended up writing--was something completely strange and different, bending and changing them through the power of time and the haze of memory. Something new and original...

A warping of those original stories,